



## A STRONG CLAIM.

Passenger (on stranded steamer, as life-boat approaches). "Hi! SAVE ME FIRST. I'M A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER TO YOUR PUND!"

## A QUEUXRIOUS AFFAIR.

An Interview with a Famous Author on the SAGAN-GOULD Marriage.

It was not until Thursday that I found the Knight Commander, and as I came upon him in the smoking-room of one of our most palatial hotels quite by surprise he had not had time to change from the mufti in which I found him into the uniform in which he looks so well. However, his breast glittered with the many foreign decorations for which he is famous, and his moustache was in beautiful condition.

"I fear you were ill last Tuesday," I said.

A shadow passed over his face. "No, I wasn't," he said shortly.

"Not able to get to London in time, perhaps?" I suggested.

"I have been here ten days," he said, staring gloomily at the carpet.

"Then why, oh why—"

"It is a painful subject," he said, interrupting me; "yet I am glad to have this opportunity of explaining to the world that it was not my fault. I can't think what has come over the London papers—you are the first journalist to look me up on this unhappy business. And unfortunately I have already spent

the fifty guineas which I fully expected to receive from the Press for 800 words or so about the ceremony. However, that cannot be helped now. As I say, it was not my fault. I came specially to London in good time, the officials at Henrietta Street knew I was here and ready for work, and the Prince himself was not unacquainted with my presence and my readiness to be of service. But they managed without me. Whether they managed well, I leave it for others to say"—and he shrugged his shoulders in quite an Italian way. "I could have done a good deal for them in one way or another. I could have covered their escape by myself posing for the Press photographers; I could have got the thing written up well in many of the leading London and Continental papers; and I could have driven with them back to the hotel to lunch afterwards—I could have done all sorts of things. However, my services were not required, and there's an end of it. Thank you very much for calling. Put it on a front page, will you? Good morning!"

"Steps are being taken for the erection of a salmon ladder."—*Glasgow Herald*.

This is, of course, the obvious way.

## NAVY NOTES.

PETTY officers seldom rise to the rank of Admiral, but the opposite process is not unknown.

Resignation, in naval affairs, is at once a temperament and an act. It becomes the Admiralty in its contemplation of the troubles of life; and it may be expected at any moment as an act of grace on the part of one or more of our Admirals.

"A way we have in the Navy" (or hope to have).—The ARTHUR LEE-way.

"Perhaps it is only rowing men who know the irresistible impulse with which one interrupts a lady's sentence to get on one's legs, with a lump in the throat, as one catches the first glimpse of the flashing sculls. A roar goes up from the bank. College is cheering college, and old boys are shouting 'Christ Church!' and 'Clare!'"—*Daily Chronicle*.

Most unfortunate that the writer should have selected Christ Church as one of his colleges, seeing that no Christ Church "old boy" ever called his boat anything but "House." But the "flashing sculls" should have warned the editor that something was wrong with his correspondent.

## THE GERMAN WAITER ONCE MORE.

[The type may be studied at any of the annual dinners that are held every evening in the season.]

He serves the beano night by night,  
An alien out of Teuton lands,  
With cotton gloves of virgin white  
Veiling his vast prehensile hands;  
He sees our manhood at its best,  
Waits on it where it sits and gorges  
Straining its virile lower chest  
At annual summer orgies.

The hungry pageants cross his pitch—  
Regiment, college, school and corps—  
Leaving him careless which is which  
And what on earth we do it for;  
Sombre of air, detached of soul,  
He hears our speeches, long or terse 'uns,  
Content to pouch his paltry dole  
Without respect of persons.

We come to fill the yearly void,  
Meet a few men of our own time—  
Absolute strangers, who enjoyed  
No knowledge of us in our prime;  
But ever there 's a voice that rings  
Familiar with the old attraction:—  
"That 's all, sir; hope that everything 's  
Been to your satisfaction?"

This hint (with variants) he has blown  
Into how many a famous ear,  
Breathed it to men of taste and tone,  
Bishop and actor, bard and peer;  
Few mortals in the common ruck  
Have met so much of light and leading,  
And fewer still have had the luck  
To watch the lions feeding.

Their names, however, move him not,  
As in and out he deftly trips,  
Save as a guarantee of what  
They 're good for in the way of tips;  
Blind, for the rest, to rank or claim,  
Incurious how their gifts are rated,  
He serves them with the single aim  
Which I have indicated.

And yet at times he studies men,  
And takes a note of what is said;  
Such are the high occasions when  
The patriotic feast is spread;  
When veterans praise our Briton breed—  
"A pretty toughish nut to crack, Sir;  
Our little army goes a d—d  
Long way, Sir, there and back, Sir."

'Tis then he dives behind a screen  
Where he may chuckle, low and long,  
Thinking of camps where he has seen  
A nation armed, three million strong;  
And slaps his waistcoat, like a man,  
Where once the belt confined his tunic,  
And drinks to HALDANE'S Army Plan  
Deep in a mug of Munich.

O. S.

In what the *Sheffield Evening Mail* calls "Reports from Weather Resorts," we read under "Buxton": "Light wine E. N.-E." We regret that we do not know the brand.

## DISCURSIONS.

## A NEW JURISDICTION.

THE Court for the Consideration of Hitherto Unpunishable Offences was busily occupied on Thursday last, and the proceedings were of great public interest. The first case on the list was that of an Infinitive, who complained of having been violently assaulted and split by JOHN JAMES CROPTHORNE, described on the charge-sheet as a poet. The complainant appeared in the witness-box in a heavily-bandaged condition, and gave his evidence under the stress of great emotion. It appeared that the prisoner, a man of no attainments, had decided to write a poem entitled, "A Song of Sunrise," and had hired the complainant to help him in the first line.

The poem had been duly composed, printed and published in a sixpenny magazine, and had been signed by the prisoner with his full name. The first line appeared in the following form:—

*To with the lark and with the sun arise.*

The complainant, in answer to the magistrate, admitted that he had been split before, but added that he had never been split so badly. Ordinary splittings by the insertion of one dividing word he could stand, but the prisoner's offence went far beyond that. A seven-word split gave rise to intolerable sufferings. At this point the complainant fainted, but revived after a strong dose of LINDLEY MURRAY had been administered by the magistrate's clerk.

Mr. HARRISON, a critic, deposed to finding the complainant in a state of collapse outside the office of Messrs. RUMBLE & BLICK, the well-known publishers. He had him conveyed to his home in an ambulance, and bound him up there. Great violence must have been used by the prisoner. Such offences were a grave danger to the community, for many might be led away by the example. In cross-examination by the prisoner, who was not defended by counsel, Mr. HARRISON admitted that he had taken part in the agitation for the establishment of the new Court. He bore the prisoner no grudge. He had never heard of him before.

The prisoner made a long and rambling statement in his defence, but called no witnesses. He urged that he had been educated in a public school and a university, and was now doing his best to keep a roof over the heads of his wife and family. He admitted that it was not necessary for him to write poetry. Even if he had committed an offence he pleaded that it was merely a technical one. He had had no intention of injuring the complainant. Quite the reverse. He asked the magistrate to deal with him lightly. In addition to his wife and children, he had an aged mother dependent on his exertions.

The magistrate asked if anything was known against the prisoner. Police-constable BLUNT said he had on many occasions misused a relative by putting him in the wrong case. Only a month ago he had caused the following sentence to be printed and issued to the public: "The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, whom we believe has never before dealt with a problem of such complexity." He had also attacked several quotations and had brutally ill-treated them, but none of



### MORE "CONFISCATION."

PUBLIC-SPIRITED BREWER. "PITY YOU'RE NOT TAKING UP THIS DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL, MR. ASQUITH. SPLENDID THING FOR THE PEOPLE'S HEALTH."

PRIME MINISTER. "AH! BUT THINK OF ALL THE POOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS WHO'VE INVESTED THEIR SAVINGS IN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND GAS COMPANIES!"









*Lady of uncertain age.* "Ah, MAJOR, WE'RE NONE OF US AS YOUNG AS WE WERE."

*Major (absent-minded, but vaguely aware that a gallant answer is indicated).* "MY DEAR LADY, I'M SURE YOU DON'T LOOK IT!"

them had been willing to prosecute. Quotations were naturally of a retiring nature.

The magistrate, in passing sentence, said it was a very bad case. Poetry was very dangerous stuff, and must always be carefully handled, especially when the person employing it had had no previous experience of its use. This kind of thing had gone on too long, but the Legislature had decided that infinitives were not to be split with impunity any more. It was sad to see a man in the prisoner's position. He might have supported his family by manual labour, for which his physical strength evidently fitted him. Instead of that, he had chosen to be a poet. Having made his bed he must lie on it. He (the magistrate) was bound to see that the law was obeyed. Infinitives must be protected in their lawful avocations. If such crimes as the prisoner's went unpunished, we could none of us know whose turn it might be next. He took a very serious view of the prisoner's offence, and felt he should not be discharging his duty properly unless he passed upon him the heaviest sentence permitted by the law. The prisoner must undergo ten years' solitary confinement with a dictionary and a selection of novels written by ladies, to be followed by five years of rigorous confinement in a printing office. The gratitude of the public was due to Police-constable BLUNT for the way in which he had prepared the case.

"In the pig section Mr. W. B. Wallace was the only Northerner who had the pluck to face the English host in large whites."

*Glasgow Herald.*

Something quiet in tweeds would have been more seemly.

#### A SILENT SUFFERER.

[“If telephone users would cast the idea of a machine out of their minds, and use the same courteous and common-sense practices in talking by telephone as they observe when talking to a fellow-being face to face, they would appreciably raise the standard of the telephone service.”—*National Telephone Journal.*]

COMPANION of my troubles and my toil,  
Who share my study—yea, my very desk—  
Who, sleepless, burn with me the midnight oil,  
Recumbent, unassertive, and grotesque,  
It may be that, when Pegasus has bucked,  
And half unseated my confiding Muse,  
I have employed you as a helpless duct  
To air, with frank brutality, my views.  
But hold me not unkind, though I have been  
Ungracious, treating you as a machine.

Had I, in clasping your black, slender waist,  
Recalled how oft you've whispered to me, dear,  
Avowals passionate but sweet and chaste,  
My words had all been meet for you to hear.  
Had I been mindful that it naught availed  
To oburgate your tender diaphragm  
Because, at times, your best endeavours failed  
To take my meaning, I had not said: "Tut! Tut!  
how tiresome!"  
But how remember, while you are, to me,  
"Gerrard, eight, double-seven, double-three"?

"Three Taximeter cabs in fine condition and good running order; these cabs will not pass Scotland Yard."—*The Motor.*

Very awkward if one's car refused, just as one swept into the Embankment.

# BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

CHIEFLY MATRIMONIAL.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—HILDEGARDE is Lady WIDELANDS, and I flatter myself that, thanks in a great measure to your BLANCHE, it was quite the wedding of the season. St. Agatha's was simply crammed; people were killing each other to get in; and the street outside was a block. At your own wedding you're handicapped by being the *bride*, and can't see to every little detail; but a *sister's* wedding you can put through without a hitch. The *leitmotif* of the affair was *pastoral*, with the bridesmaids *en bergère*, and pastoral music played. I wanted to hand over the church to SOAMES and SOAMES beforehand, have a lot of the pews removed, and a regular pastoral scene set. The authorities made some objection, however (how narrow-minded people are!), so I had to do things on a smaller scale.

I chose the maids *strictly* for their beauty. Where, of two sisters, one was *pretty* and the other *clever* (we don't use a harsher word in these days), I took the pretty one ruthlessly, and left the other. I believe I've given offence in some quarters, but I can't help that. One ought to have the courage of one's *ideas* as well as of one's *opinions*. The shepherdesses were correct in every detail, with field flowers and genuine crooks, and, as a realistic touch, I thought of making each of them carry one of those dear little pigmy sheep that have been the fashion lately; but they persuaded me out of this. I wanted, too, to have ushers for the maids in the American style, and dress them as shepherds, with smock-frocks, Pan-pipes, and ribbons in their hats; but, if you'll believe me, DAPH, I positively could not get them to dress so! Aren't people sickeningly self-conscious nowadays? You can't get them, *especially* the men, to sink their individuality for a time and merge themselves in a picture. Dear Professor DIMSDALE, in one of those lovely lecture-chats on mental philosophy, told us of a great French philosopher who discovered the Ego. Myself, I think it's a pity he didn't leave it where it was! I'm sure it's made people absurdly priggish and odiously dis-obliging.

HILDEGARDE went through it without turning a hair. There's no scope for originality in a *bride*; she's bound to be conventional. But I made one small innovation that, I

think, will catch on at summer weddings. Instead of flowers or a Prayer-Book, she carried a white satin fan, with orange-blossom painted round the edge, and all that *matters* of the Marriage Service (the part where the responses come in, you know), printed in silver.

Afterwards we had a *fête champêtre* in the garden here. SOAMES and SOAMES had turned the place into a very good imitation of those sweet old Flemish pictures by WATTEAU or WOUVERMANS, where there are always boors revelling; only there were no boors, and we didn't revel.

And now, my dear, let me say how perfectly shocked and miserable I am at the news of your being engaged to a country parson. I'm so vexed that I positively won't say another word about it! You, who might have done so well! Why didn't I bring you here by *force*, and give you a season in London? You oughtn't to have come to this for ten years yet. No girl has any business to think of the lesser clergy till she's past thirty. Where's the use of telling me that you're happy and suit each other? Such last-century nonsense! We're living in the twentieth century now, and those things don't count. 'It's quite a tragedy! Of course, I know that, just as every private soldier in somebody's army was said to have a marshal's bâton in his knapsack, so perhaps every curate may be said to have a bishop's apron in his sermon-case, but I'm afraid the odds are all against it in this instance. And some day, when I go down there to open a bazaar or lay a stone, I shall find my poor DAPHNE wearing a middle-aged bonnet and mantle, and with a family of children, and her face "seamed with the horrid cares" of something or other, as MILTON says. Do, my dear child, take the advice of a true friend (which is not too common a thing among us women); break it off at once, and come and stay with me, and I'll do the best I can for you.

If I were asked what has been the special obsession this summer in London, I think I should say Descriptive Dancing, Musical Expression, or Choregraphic Narrative—for it's called by all these names. A good many of us have been bitten by it, and have taken lessons. One can get hold of it quite quickly, for there are no difficult steps to learn, and one doesn't have to practise much. And then, my dear, the dress! It can be compared to *nothing*! We gave a performance the other day at

the Matinée Theatre in aid of a Seaside Home for Irresponsible Impetuous Idiots. I danced a Prelude and Fugue of BACH's, dressed in gold fringe, against a black background. Then BERYL CLARGES did TSCHAIKOWSKY's "1812," dressed in two little flags (French and Russian), her background being a painted cloth showing wintry scenes and soldiers marching. It was my turn again after that, and I danced the "Moonlight Sonata." I wore iridescent sequins, and was backed by a starry sky. It was immense! But the *pièce de résistance* was a duet for BERYL and me—Eve and the Serpent. There was a set scene for this, the Garden of Eden with the Tree in the middle. We'd a bit of a turn-up as to which of us should do Eve and wear the *sweet* little dress of pink silk-fringe; but BERYL had to give way, and do the Serpent or nothing. (I'd a right to choose, having arranged the whole thing; but some people are so self-asserting, aren't they?—never satisfied unless they're *first*.) I must say she did the Serpent very well. Her sinuous movements were a good deal admired; and, though she certainly looked rather spiteful all the time, that suited the part too. My dancing of Eve's irresolution and final taking of the apple was voted to be as classical, artistic, and satisfying a choregraphic poem as any professional has yet expressed!

I've had my first little triumph on the Turf—only a weeny one at the Smallbury Races (rather a rotten little meeting), but it's a beginning. FREDDY and BILLY VAVASOUR (I think I told you they train for me) say it's best to begin low down. The winner was a darling two-year-old filly that I've called *Blanchette*. FREDDY and BILLY think she may prove a wonder, and smother *Signorinetta's* record by annexing both the Guineas next year as well as the Derby and Oaks! I was such a happy little woman that day, with the first taste of success, that I insisted on leading in my own, *own* little winner. FREDDY and BILLY tried to dissuade me, saying it's only done on big occasions. As if I didn't know that! *Ça m'est égal*. I don't follow a fashion; I set it.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"The Loanda suddenly founded."

South African News.

"The Loanda suddenly floundered."

Midland News, South Africa.

You simply can't hide it from them in South Africa. They will have the truth.



Niece (awakened by unusually violent shock). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, UNCLE GEORGE?"

Uncle G. "RUN DOWN A CANOE, MY DEAR."

Niece. "OH, BUT YOU'LL APOLOGISE NICELY, WON'T YOU?"

Uncle G. "WELL, MY DEAR, I'M JUST WAITING TO CATCH THEIR ATTENTION."

### THE NON-STOP EXPRESS.

(From Holborn to the Strand and back in 2½ minutes.)

[The following article is asserted to be the work of a driver of the Holborn—Strand train, but we have been unable to verify this allegation.]

OF all those who want to go from Holborn to the Strand only a few are mean enough to walk. For the others there is a train. With that reckless disregard of expense which has always characterised the actions of Tube Railway Companies there is provided a man to drive this train. Equal to the dignity of his post and alive to the difficulties of his undertaking, he steps into the train at Holborn and turns a handle.

When he arrives at the Strand he steps into the other end of the train and turns another handle. When he gets back to Holborn he is confronted by a red flag, which informs him that he can go no further. But he did not need a red flag to tell him that, because—

(a) He has been to Holborn before.

(b) He can see that there is no further to go.

Thereupon he realises the position

at a glance, and adopts the only course open to an honourable man. He goes back to the Strand.

You ask me: "Who may this man be who drives this train from Holborn to the Strand, from the Strand to Holborn, and from Holborn to the Strand, with such conspicuous ability?" I answer you simply and straightforwardly: "I am that man."

Are you coming with me to—

#### CHAPTER I.—The Strand?

The Strand Station is a spot of especial interest to the tourist in London. It lies 150 feet below the surface of the street, and is coloured green and white. Its most striking features are some theatrical posters and a self-winding clock. When you approach the lifts you will see a notice—"Have your Ticket Ready." The meaning of this notice is briefly this: that you are to have your ticket ready. If you have no ticket you need not have it ready. To that extent you score over those who have tickets. On the other hand, they score over you in that you, having no ticket, will not be let out of the tube and they will. That will be my gain, because I like your company, but it will be your loss

because it may interfere with your work.

On reflection I think you must have had a ticket, or you would never have been allowed to descend by the other lift. Therefore, if you have no ticket, you must have lost it.

I beg your pardon. I did not understand you to say that you have a return ticket. Then you will of course be coming back with me to

#### CHAPTER II.—Holborn.

Holborn Station is a spot of especial interest to the tourist in London. It lies 149 feet below the surface of the street, and is coloured green and crimson lake. Its most striking features are a self-winding clock and some theatrical posters.

"Hurry off, please," says my learned friend the Guard, and you start hurrying off. "Hurry on, please," says the double-faced rogue, and you hurry back again. Back we go, then, to

#### CHAPTER III.—The Strand.

Situated, as it is, 150 feet. . . But you know all about that, and I see that there are no other passengers. I am very fond of travelling. I have been to the Strand 12,073 times. Like all other great travellers, however, I am equally fond of returning



from my travels, and by a curious coincidence I have been to

CHAPTER IV.—*Holborn*  
12,073 times also. Of the two I prefer

CHAPTER V.—*The Strand*.  
Which do you prefer, this or

CHAPTER VI.—*Holborn*?  
Yes, you think you like this better, but, believe me, you really prefer the other. Mind you, I have been to both 12,074 times, and ought to know. But just come and have another peep at

CHAPTER VII.—*The Strand*.  
Ah! I thought you had not looked properly. I was born at

CHAPTER VIII.—*Holborn*,  
but educated at

CHAPTER IX.—*The Strand*.  
Sometimes I wish I had been educated at

CHAPTER X.—*Holborn*,  
and born at

CHAPTER XI.—*The Strand*.  
Wherever I was born I have lived anything but a dull life. My day is full of changes, in fact I am always changing from one end to the other or from the other end to one, as the case may be. Wearing though the strain of such an existence is, I do not think I could stand the monotony of a quiet life above the surface. My noble friend the Liftman tells me that things are very slow up above, and he has been there a good many times. He is a good sort, although he does wear a flannel collar; and I am certain he would not tell a lie. (You must not speak to him when the lift is in motion.)

But we must be getting back to

CHAPTER XII.—*Holborn*.  
Are you getting out here? Well, good-bye; I am very pleased to have met you so often. If they make any fuss about that return ticket of yours (they are such unreasonable fellows at this end) you are always welcome in my little train. Good-bye again; I think I shall be gadding along to

CHAPTER XIII.—*The Strand*,  
on my way to

CHAPTER XIV.—*Holborn*.

"It was a peculiarity of the storm that it seemed to rage furiously in all directions—at one time illuminating the northern sky, at another reverberating in the east, or rolling with a slowly diminishing crescendo towards the south."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The writer is probably thinking of the dodo, which has now diminished altogether. The crescendo, on the contrary, increases with great rapidity, so much so that in certain parts of Australia it has become a nuisance.

## CHARIVARIA.

ATTENTION has been called again to the shabby condition of the red benches provided for the Peers in the House of Lords, and it is suggested that it is the intention of the Government not to abolish the Upper Chamber, but to let it gradually crumble away.

Mr. HALDANE laughed, in the House of Commons, at the idea that there are foreign spies in this country. Is it that we have no military secrets worth stealing?

"It is significant," writes one of our Society correspondents, "that at a tea-party given by Mr. KEIR HARDIE the other day King EDWARD was conspicuous by his absence. No attempt was made to conceal the reason. His MAJESTY was not invited."

The British Undertakers' Association has decided that "advertisements tending to loudness" shall be discouraged. It would be interesting to know whether this would mean a cool reception over here for the American undertakers' classic trade announcement, "You kick the bucket; we do the rest."

The question whether capital punishment shall be abolished is still being discussed hotly in France. For ourselves we should have thought that in view of France's dwindling population the retention of the death penalty is highly inadvisable.

Several Union Jacks were torn down in various parts of the States by indignant Americans on the Fourth of July; but the victory was not bloodless, for 71 Americans were killed, and 2,624 injured on that day.

In spite of reports to the contrary the recent Silk Hat Parade at the Exhibition did much to promote the sale of that form of headgear. It came on to rain during the demonstration, and many of the five hundred demonstrators have in consequence had to purchase new silk hats.

The agitation on the part of the local gentry to get the name of the thoroughfare known as Houndsditch changed to something more attractive has been revived. The alternative name has not yet been decided on, but we believe that a large party

is in favour of swopping names with Park Lane.

A Philadelphian preacher has advanced the interesting proposition that Moses was a negro. This, we suppose, is the swing of the pendulum. A little while ago it was the fashion to whitewash every historical character.

The statement that a newspaper which has just made its appearance in a French provincial town is the first journal to be printed on fly-paper has called forth a protest to the effect that one or two papers produced in this country print such poisonous matter that they are quite as effective for the purpose.

It is hoped that it will be possible at the banquet which the Government has decided to give to the members of the International Peace Congress to make an announcement that an early cessation of hostilities between some of our Admirals is imminent.

At the Children's Garden Party, given by the QUEEN at Buckingham Palace, the entertainment was provided by Mr. ASHTON, and some disappointment, we hear, was felt among the youthful audience because Mr. ASHTON did not recite to them a number of his bright letters on tombstones.

We are sorry to hear that the profession of Comic Burglar is suffering from temporary depression owing to an accident to a person of this calling in Germany. The gentleman in question had broken into an hotel at Rensburg, and was about to leave with his loot, when the humorous idea of inscribing his initials and profession in the Visitors' Book occurred to him. While he was thus engaged the poor fellow was surprised by a waiter, and now he is languishing in a gaol.

"Prince de SAGAN and his wife," reports *The Daily Telegraph*, "left the Savoy Hotel soon after noon yesterday for Paris in their motor-car, part of the journey being made by road." Our younger readers are invited to guess which part of the journey anyhow was not made by road.

"HARRIER AND BEADLE SHOW."  
*The Peterborough Advertiser*.

"Bumble-puppy" is what you call it, if you don't live at Peterborough.

## CENT. PER CENT.

Nor to be eclipsed by his enterprising daily contemporaries, Mr. *Punch* determined to discover, by hook or by crook, a Centenarian of his own. Herewith he has pleasure in presenting the results of his search in his ambassador's own language:—

"After scouring the country for many days without avail, I struck oil north of the Tweed. Sitting one evening in the bar-parlour of a wayside inn, brooding—I repeat, brooding—I overheard a chance remark that put me on the track at last. I brooded a little more, paid for it, and followed up my man.

"Ay (Yes), he said, 'he'll be a hundred the noo.'

"Hoots, mon," I answered (being fairly fluent in the language), 'ye'll no be sayin' it! And what'll be his name, d'ye ken (know)?'

"HENERY," replied the bucolic.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, in my waggish way, 'now we shall soon centenary.'

"My informant led me to the cottage of the patriarch, and ushered me in.

"I found myself in the midst of a unique family party. At the head of the table sat our friend HENERY, clad in a smoking-cap such as our grandmothers delighted to embroider for their swains, and in full possession of all his faculties. He has never in his life worn glasses for reading, but can see the smallest print. He is unfortunately unable to read, but his daughter, a strapping lass of seventy-nine summers, reads the paper to him every night before she goes to bed—she finds it inconvenient to do so after.

"And so," I began, shaking hands, 'you remember the Battle of Hastings? Ye'll ken jist a' about it!—what, hey?'

"Ay (Yes), he replied. 'I mind how me mither smackit me weel the day the news cam—an' the way I greeted (cried).'

"Father'll aye be tellin' ye c' that," put in the youngest boy, a fresh-faced youngster of sixty-five.

"Have you ever been to London?" I asked.

"Ye'll be fra' (from) Lunnon (London) yersel', maybe?'

"Ay, ay."

"Ay, man, I'll be there twa (two) times. You mauna (must not) think I'll forget Lunnon."

"No, no. Come now," I pursued, 'what did you think of it?'

"It's a gey bonnie place. A remember the wax-works.' And the



"THIRTY DOR TOO MUCH FER THE LITTLE DAWG, LIDY? WY! LOOK AT THE OWNER'S VALUATION!"

"WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT BACK TO HIM, THEN?"

"WY, BECOS I TOOK IT BACK TO 'IM LAWST TOOSDAY, AN' IT WOULDN'T BE IN ACCORDANCE WIV THE ETIKWET OF OUR PERFESSION TER LET 'IM 'AVE IT TWICE IN ONE WEEK!"

genial old man smiled at his recollections. We chatted awhile, and I prepared to leave.

"Before I go, Mr. HENERY," I suggested, 'you will give me a hint or two for the benefit of my readers on the way to live to a green old age—what, hey?'

"Food faddists will not be greatly taken with my old friend's ideas. He has always, he says, eaten and drunk precisely what he pleased, except when unable to obtain it. He

believes in exercise—a three-mile walk on a Sunday morning he considers a splendid thing for a tonic. Having lived for a hundred years, he has spent some time in the open air.

"Tak' everything as it comes, and dinna fash yersel' (don't worry),' was his sensible parting advice.

"Even if you're caught takin' it," I said, as I wished him farewell. He laughed very heartily at this sally, so much so that we all joined in. I left him still chuckling."



Brown. "AH! THEY'VE JUST DROPPED THE ANCHOR."

Mrs. B. "AND SERVE 'EM RIGHT! IT'S BEEN DANGLING OUTSIDE ALL THE MORNING!"

#### A DOG-IN-THE-MANGER'S DITTY.

WHEN I'm annually hunted  
Out of town by need of change,  
I'm consistently confronted  
By a problem passing strange:  
There are scores of charming places  
Where I'd gladly love to stay,  
But the folk who inundate them,  
Desecrate and permeate them,  
With their hats and boots and faces,  
Fill my heart with dire dismay.

Thus, for instance, if to Cromer  
I repair, and on the shore,  
Like a civilised beach-comber  
Revel in the ocean's roar,  
Though the good Cromerians fire me  
With no hatred of my kind;  
Countless hordes from other regions,  
Liverpudlians and Glaswegians,  
Irresistibly inspire me  
With a fury black and blind.

Or, again, if I and Lucy—  
Lucy is my second wife—  
Take our tickets for Kingussie,  
Or frequent the hills of Fife,  
Though the Scottish folk delight me  
With their scones and baps and  
brose,

Cockneys all around us clamber  
(Like so many flies in amber),  
Knickerbockered trippers blight me  
With their highly-coloured hose.

Cambria's charms anon allure me,  
But, no matter where I lie,  
No precautions can secure me  
Uninvaded privacy.  
Though I stretch myself *sub Jove*  
On Llyn Cwellyn's gloomy shores,  
Swarms from Bootle and from  
Bowdon  
Occupy the heights of Snowdon,  
Taint the air of Aberdovey,  
Picnic on the Fachs and Fawrs.

Yesteryear my way I wended,  
Via Fishguard and Rosslare,  
Bent, in isolation splendid,  
On inhaling Erin's air.  
But, alas! I found at Blarney  
All the trippers that I loathe,  
And they made fair Rosapenna  
Quite a miniature Gehenna,  
And they Cockneyfied Killarney,  
Vulgarised the Hill of Howth.

Failing with this crux (*hac cruce*)  
Adequately else to cope,  
Far afield have I and Lucy  
Now determined to elope;

And, to end this doleful story  
In a less disgruntled style,  
Since upon all home excursions  
We must meet our pet aversions,  
We are off to Ruwenzori  
And the Sources of the Nile.

"The mountain side is splashed with acres of bloom running through the entire litany of tints from light to darkness. The dominant hues suggest the curtains of the Tabernacle—purple, crimson, and scarlet. Stacked massively on top of each other, they glare steadily, and the heavy scent heightens the feeling of conflagration. But Nature paints well, and borrowing the artifice of the landscape master, drops in cool green in strange places."

This has dropped into a green edition of *The Dublin Herald*. Borrowing the blue pencil of the editor we have crossed out some of it.

"The ball travelled low until it was over the ridge about 100 yards from the green, then it rose like a soaring bird, and dropping on the sloping ground rolled along till it was within three yards of the hole. As nearly as possible the ball travelled like a bullet fired from a rifle at 600 yards."—*Glasgow Herald*.

The next time you fire a rifle at 600 yards just watch the bullet carefully, and you'll be surprised at the resemblance.





“ENGLAND EXPECTS—”

SHADE OF NELSON. “I SEE YOU’RE HOISTING MY OLD SIGNAL.”

BRITANNIA. “YES. ONE OR TWO OF MY ADMIRALS SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN IT.”



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## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



MARK LOCKWOOD STALKS THE ALIEN IN EPPING FOREST.

House of Commons, Monday, July 6.—Colonel MARK LOCKWOOD, V.C., back on duty; his countenance has taken on a manlier bronze, his hat is tipped a little further towards back of head, carnation in his button-hole nearer than ever to circumference of a sunflower. Excited some attention on entering the Lobby by carrying a telescope under his arm.

"What's that for?" WALTER LONG asked him. "A new way of catching the SPEAKER'S eye?"

Beneath the bronze a blush mantled MARK'S ingenuous countenance.

"Beg your pardon," he said; "force of habit."

Rushed off to locker, deposited spy-glass. Back in time to put a question which explained everything. For the past ten days, during which Lobby, House and Terrace have lamented his absence, MARK has been down in Epping Forest, stalking a couple of foreigners. By various

strategic movements, such as climbing trees, crawling on all fours through the long grass (on one occasion hiding in an outhouse, the door of which the owner casually locked in passing, imprisoning the unsuspected Colonel for the space of five hours), he accumulated evidence revealing the true character of the self-styled tourists. They were, in brief, German spies, charged with mission of securing photographs of Epping Forest and water-colour sketches of the more picturesque views, with intent that the German Army, having sunk the Channel Fleet and gobbled up the Territorial Forces, should march by nearest route on London.

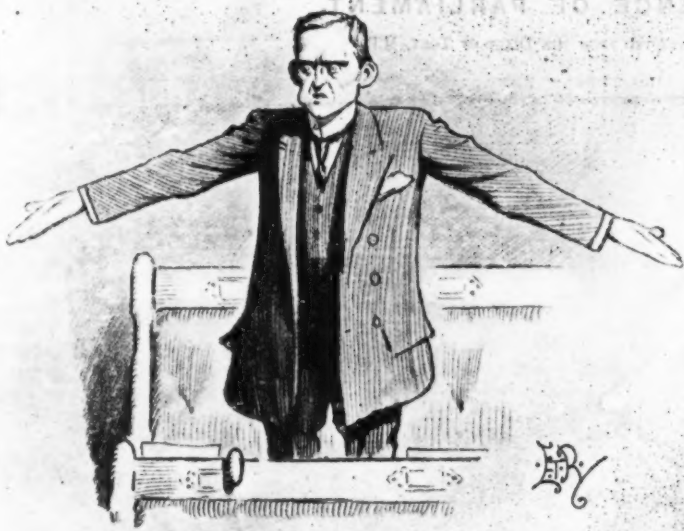
This afternoon brought subject to notice of House in form of question addressed to SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. With that hide-bound contempt which Ministers commonly show for information reaching them through any but official sources, NAPOLEON B.

HALDANE made light of the affair. Told a little story relating to what he described as similar incident. Report made to War Office of three foreign officers taking observations in a rural district. Specially mentioned as conclusive evidence of guilty intent that they "drank champagne and drove about in motors." Investigation made, it turned out that they were innocent, even commonplace, visitors, wholly unconnected with military matters.

"This is the kind of thing," said N.B.H., casting a look of scorn at the cauliflower in MARK'S button-hole, "that is constantly coming up."

Thus is patriotism encouraged by the present so-called Government. After spending five hours in an outhouse, breaking his watch-chain in forcing his way through inadequate outlet provided by a partly-shuttered window, and carrying out the other strategic movements cited, for MARK to be put off by ill-timed





THE "SEA-GREEN" INSATIABLE; OR, "IT'S YOUR MONEY WE WANT!"

"They would accept this paltry measure for what it was worth, and use it as a lever for getting more. . . . Money was staring them in the face. Look at the huge sums spent on ladies' frocks and fur coats for pet dogs."

(Mr. Ph-l-p Sn-wd-n on the Old Age Pensions Bill.)

badinage is not encouraging to further effort for the public weal.

**Business done.**—Eight Hours (Mines) Bill read a second time. Old Age Pensions Bill passed through final stage of Committee.

**Tuesday.**—Like that other renowned warrior, General TROCHU, Captain KINCAID-SMITH has his "plan." It is more comprehensive even than the original one for the deliverance of beleaguered Paris. Having carefully considered the Territorial Army scheme, an eye trained in warfare perceives its weak point. As, many years ago, the late Mr. BIGGAR, criticising a Bill brought in by Mr. CHAPLIN relating to the breed of horses, observed, "It's too narrer, Mr. SPEAKER, much too narrer." It provides excellent machinery, but lacks the force to work it. In brief, it does not make provision for raw material of an army—men, to wit.

This KINCAID-SMITH is prepared to do. Has drafted a scheme, elaborating plan of national military training, making it compulsory. This afternoon moves for leave to introduce his Bill. Avails himself of privilege of Ten Minutes Rule to explain it clause by clause with reiterated formula. "Clause 1 lays down—" he said. "Clause 2 lays down—" and so on to the end, as if the Bill were a hen laying eggs for families.

House began to show signs of im-

patience at the quaint reiteration. KINCAID-SMITH took no notice of the restless movement, the increasing buzz of conversation, the murmur of "Time! Time!" He had, so to speak, a hen up his sleeve that would "lay down" something sure to please Members, safe to secure a first reading of the Bill.

"Clause 11," he said, in due course, "lays down that exemption from compulsory training shall be accorded to habitual drunkards, persons of weak intellect, and Members of both Houses of Parliament."

A roar of cheers and laughter greeted this happy grouping. When it subsided, KINCAID-SMITH started off again. "Clause 12 lays down—" This brought up the SPEAKER with significant reminder that the allotted time had expired. KINCAID-SMITH quite surprised. Was getting on so nicely. Process of laying down carried on with unvarying punctuality and dispatch. Though there might be no appeal from ruling of the Chair, he was not disposed to forego delivery of his peroration, carefully prepared after close study of JOHN BRIGHT's masterpieces.

In solemn voice, with impressive manner, he began to "lay down" one of the longest sentences ever worked off in debate. Members, placated by the artful bribe of remission of compulsory training, listened in silence to the first furlong or so.

As he went on, laying it down as if it were an Atlantic cable, the long unfamiliar cry of "Vide! Vide!" broke forth, drowning orator's voice. This bad enough; mild compared with what followed on a division, when leave to introduce the Bill was refused by 250 votes against 34.

**Business done.**—Old Age Pensions Bill passes Report stage.

**Friday.** To the joy of his friends and the delight of the Labour Members, to whom he is of never-failing interest, Earl WINTERTON has come back, bringing his sheaves with him in the shape of an honourable scar or two earned in the polo field. He finds the Government at their old game, suspending Eleven o'Clock Rule, closing everybody, forcing obnoxious Bills through at the blade of the guillotine.

"I think," Mr. SPEAKER, he said, looking gloomy for one of his tender years, "the time has come when some kind of League should be formed for the protection of Private Members."

There is about the inception of the idea that misty vagueness that invests with grandeur distant mountain peaks. WINTERTON doesn't condescend to detail. The proposed combination is to be what Lord HALSBURY would call "a sort of" a League. In throwing out suggestion he doubtless had in his well-



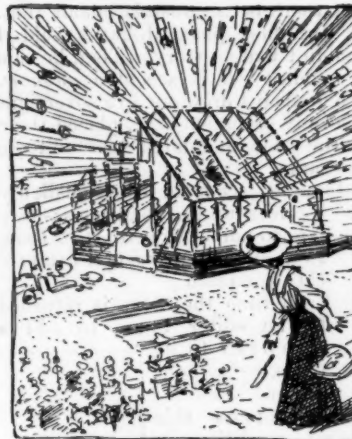
KIN-KAID, THE CONJURER.

"A hen up his sleeve that would 'lay down' something sure to please Members."

## HINTS FOR THE BACK GARDEN.



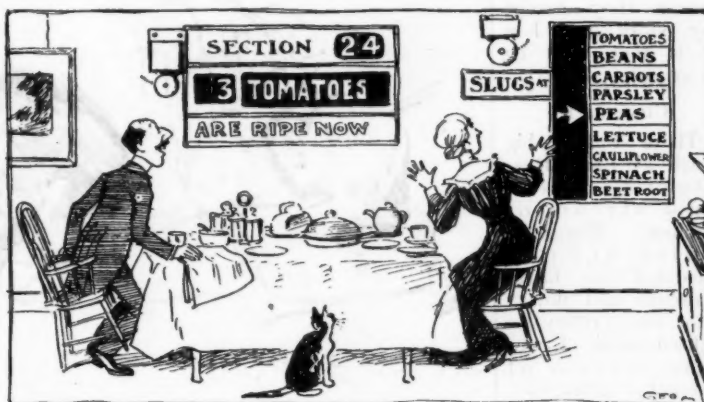
SNAIL-COURSING SHOULD PROVE ATTRACTIVE IN SPORTING CIRCLES.



IT IS INADVISABLE TO SNEEZE IN THE SMALL GREENHOUSE.



CARE MUST BE TAKEN NOT TO BUILD THE SUMMERHOUSE ON THE SITE OF AN OLD MUSHROOM BED.



KITCHEN-GARDEN INDICATORS CAN NOW BE HAD AT A MODERATE COST.

stored mind recollection of historic Leagues antecedent to that named after the simple flower Dizzy admitted he most appreciated when made into a salad. Amongst others are the League of Augsburg, the League of Cambray, the League of Ratisbon, and the League of the Beggars. Less familiar by name in day schools, the title tempting for appropriation, is the League of the Public Weal, formed by the Dukes of BURGUNDY and BRITANNY against LOUIS XI. OF FRANCE.

A companionship under this title, encamped on benches above gangway to left of SPEAKER, would be welcomed by all champions of freedom of House of Commons. Too early to go into details; but obviously earliest draft of the League of the Public Weal would include the names of Earl WINTERTON (President),

FREDERICK BANBURY, Knight, A. S. WILSON, W. MOORE and Captain CRAIG; probably with HAROLD COX, Secretary (unpaid).

*Business done.*—Eleven o'clock Rule suspended for rest of Summer session.

## THE DEATH OF THE SAGE.

He was very near the end, but when at last the information had been conveyed to him that an interviewer was below, he rallied. I was led in on tip-toe by a muffled nurse.

"To what," he quavered, "do I owe my success in life? To this, young man: to never forgetting the proverbial philosophy of Loamshire, my native county."

Oxygen having been administered, I asked him if he could remember any of the more helpful of the sayings by which he had guided his

long and eminent career. He rested for a while, and then repeated a few, truly the wisdom of many and the wit of one, and how racy of the soil!

"You must hold your hat in a high wind."

"Don't lean against wet paint."

"The deepest flagon is empty at last."

"Steady reaches the goal."

"Look twice at a penny and twelve times at sixpence."

"The sun will come out."

"Old birds are the toughest."

"You can't dive for pearls without getting wet."

"It is ill sitting on thorns."

He could remember no more, and sank back exhausted, although still watching me as I wrote.

It was not till I closed my notebook that he died.

### MY FIVE-POUND STORY.

I AM writing this story for a wager. Let there be no mistake about that. In the first place JORKINS said I couldn't write a story. Then he said I couldn't get it accepted *anyhow*. Whereupon I drew out five sovereigns from my sovereign-case, placed them on the table, and dared JORKINS to do the same.

JORKINS accepted the challenge and we drew up the conditions:—

- (1) I am to name my hero ALAN FAIRFAX, and my heroine CLARIBEL. (My condition.)
- (2) Each time the story is returned by an editor I am to add a chapter to it. (JORKINS'S condition.)

I mention this second condition in order that editors shall see that the sooner they accept my story the less of it there will be to accept.

#### CHAPTER I.

There was a big crush at Lady BASINGTON'S. A continual stream of Cabinet Ministers, artists and poets ascended the broad staircase and flowed into the brilliantly-lighted salon. A continual stream of Cabinet Ministers, poets and artists descended the back staircase and passed out by the emergency exit.

Thus the brilliantly-lighted salon was kept supplied with fresh celebrities.

At the top of the first staircase stood ALAN FAIRFAX. His bronzed face and strong, square chin contrasted strongly (there is nothing about not having two "strongs" together in the conditions; anyway, I shall chance it) with the weak, effeminate types around. One felt that here (at last) stood the hero. It is sometimes wise to trust one's intuitions. He is the hero. He had been away from England for ten years, shooting big game in South Africa, South America, Scotland. [Editors, please delete two of these.] He had returned to his native land to find CLARIBEL.

Night after night he had waited at

the top of the stairs. He had now been waiting three months. CLARIBEL was overdue.

Suddenly his eyes lighted on a familiar *aigrette* of *torchon* lace—[Are *aigrettes* fitted with *torchon* lace? Please confirm]—that was being carried upwards in the stream of Cabinet Ministers, artists, and poets. "It is she," he said. "She will arrive in half an hour."

"CLARIBEL!"

"ALAN!"

"At last, my darling, I have come."

"O ALAN! Why didn't you write?"

away, through the brilliantly-lighted salon, down the second staircase, and through the emergency exit. She was gone! ALAN FAIRFAX searched the thronged rooms. He spoke to the footman at the door. He enquired at the box-office. She had vanished.

Out into the starlit night. Out into the silent blue-black immensity of space. Beyond the park railings. On! On!

Unheeding the low, hoarse cries of breathless men. Unheeding the urgent voices of the night. On! On!

Faster! Faster! Croydon—Redhill—Handcross. Surely he must beat the record.

Then a blinding crash. . . The earth rose and rushed upon him and beat the life out of him. . . Then—a silence.

Two days later—when the ice had melted—they found him.

THE END.

[Declined.—EDITOR, Sunday at Home.]

#### CHAPTER III.

Through a typographical error in my last chapter "found him" was printed for "fined him." ALAN FAIRFAX attended the Court with bandaged head. When they asked his name he replied not. He only stared at the crowded court and the white-robed usher. [Is this wrong?] He had forgotten it.

ALAN FAIRFAX had lost his memory!

"It is hopeless," said the Court missionary. . . "unless he were to receive some sudden shock."

"Ten pounds and costs," said the magistrate.

But even this shock was not enough. He left the Court. He began to shoot big game once more. Whenever he saw a policeman he would call for his 6·7 repeater. [Please correct.]

One day he was shooting near Hawkhurst Grange, where CLARIBEL'S married sister lived. He had had no luck that morning. Suddenly a strange beast approached. It rushed upon him with a hideous roar. He raised his 6·7 repeater.

They applied all four brakes and jumped down from the car.



[The Army Council has decided that the Yeomanry shall be armed with the short rifle and bayonet, instead of being re-armed with the sword.]

British Yeoman (after emptying his rifle at foreign foe). "LOOK HERE! PLAY THE GAME! COMING OUT WITH YOUR CARVING-KNIFE AGAINST ME AND MY WINKLE-PIN!"

"I saw you at the bottom of the stairs. Was it necessary? . . . CLARIBEL, will you be my wife? . . . Speak, my darling."

"ALAN, I have loved you from the first."

THE END.

[Declined with thanks.—EDITOR, Feathered World.]

You think I shall find it difficult to add another chapter? Wait and see.

#### CHAPTER II.

Where was Claribel?

A moment ago ALAN had held her in his strong arms. [Is this right? Should he have taken her into the salon first?] Now she was torn from him in a sudden wave of artists, Cabinet Ministers, and poets. Far





Nurse (to Johnnie, who had run into the road and miraculously escaped a violent death). "IF YOU DO THAT AGAIN, I'LL KILL YER!"

"It is ALAN," cried CLARIBEL.  
 "Was ALAN," corrected her sister. They picked him off the mudguards and the sparkling plug. [Is this technically right?] and CLARIBEL drow near and wept.

THE END.

[Declined.—EDITOR, Zoophilist.]

#### CHAPTER IV.

I have a presentiment that this will be the last.

The shock had done it. ALAN's memory was restored. He opened his eyes and recognised CLARIBEL.

THE END.

[In order to spare other innocent Editors, we are kindly printing this story.—EDITOR, Punch.]

#### The Perils of the Motorist.

From a Notice Board outside the Sandhurst National Schools:

"DANGER.  
 MOTORISTS BEWARE OF  
 THE SCHOOL CHILDREN."

Under the heading "Where to Spend a Pleasant Hour," *The Golden Penny* mentions the following attraction:

"ALDWYCH THEATRE.  
 CLOSED FOR THE SEASON."

#### NOVEL NOTES.

(With acknowledgments to the Paris Correspondent of "The Pall Mall Gazette.")

MISS BONANZA BYNGE, the greatest novelist of the last fortnight, whose Gargantuan genius has caused something like an earthquake in Vigo Street and the vicinity, is not only one of the most beautiful women in Bayswater, but derives an added lustre from her distinguished antecedents. Her real name, which she withholds out of a laudable modesty familiar in modern lady novelists, appears in a footnote to an appendix in *Debrett*, and her brother enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being fag to a belted earl at Eton. Miss BYNGE, it may be added, began to write poetry at the age of three, and although some of her rhymes are peculiar—e.g., "rhododendron" and "pendulum"—there is a high-bred distinction about her ideas which points unmistakably to her aristocratic birth.

MISS ANNABEL VIVIAN, whose recent novel, *The Quandary*, has been pronounced by her publisher to be the greatest work of the century, is related to several of the oldest families in Ireland, and appears—though of course not under her pseudonym—in *Thom's Directory* and *Walford's County Families*.

Indeed, we have the best authority for stating that Miss VIVIAN's uncle by marriage is the second cousin once removed of a gentleman who for some years past has presented a claim for the revival of the dormant peerage of Ballybunion in North Kerry.

MISS HILDA GILLESPIE, who has recently been declared by *The Peebles Gazette* to be the greatest female novelist of the century, prefers to write under an assumed name in deference to the wishes of her father, whose great-great-grandmother on the maternal side was the foster-sister of the housekeeper to the last Lord BANAVIE of Rannoch. Although, strange to say, Miss GILLESPIE's real name does not appear in *Debrett*, it is to be found in *The Peebles Directory* in close proximity to that of a well-known baronet of sporting tendencies.

From a Leeds advertisement:—

"THE — YEAST CO.:  
 with which is incorporated  
 JAMES SHERWOOD."

JAMES should expect a rise shortly.

From an election address in *The Leitrim Advertiser*:—

"I will endeavour to provide cottages for all married, or intending marrying, bonified labourers."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If you are an exiled Russian Prince, it makes it much more amusing to be a Nihilist too. But *Prince Rurikoff*, who is the hero of *The Honour of X* (SMITH, ELDER), went one better than that, being a sort of humanitarian Nihilist engaged in saving the life of the Tsar who had banished him. As a member of the "Inner Circle" he had sworn not to marry, which he found very tiresome when he came across *Nest Llewellyn*, an undiscovered *diva* living in a part of

Wales that does not appear in the railway advertisements. Why a spy should have any scruples about breaking his oath, and how the unknown X squared his position with his conscience at all (for he kept giving information to the English Government), are points which *Miss GRAHAM HOPE* does not very clearly explain. Probably one has to be very good at algebra to understand it, and I never got much beyond quadratic equations. Anyhow, the middle part of the book, where *Rurikoff* comes as a strolling artist named *Gregory* to Porth Howell, is wholly idyllic and delightfully written, so that it seems quite a pity that the stranger's shirts and collars are marked B. G. R., and that he is descended from *RURIK*, Emperor of all the Russians. However, he defies fate, marries *Miss Llewellyn*, and after a stormy interview with his Underground friends is permitted to retire in peace. *Miss HOPE* has written a very pleasant novel, and one which should certainly make Princes and Grand Dukes more careful in the future.

'Twas, years ago, a *Purple Cow*  
That *GELETT BURGESS* wrote about;  
He writes of other matters now  
More worthy to be writ and read  
Than that delicious quadruped,  
And Mr. *RICHARDS* brings them out.

*The Heart Line* gives a vivid view  
Of life out San Francisco way,  
With special application to  
That sort of life which surely comes  
Of faith in spirit mediums  
Who are not rigidly O.K.

Such sense informs its every line  
I judge the author's fairly quit  
Of nightmare-bred, and-breeding, kine;  
And if the tune he's playing now  
Has killed that ghastly *Purple Cow*,  
I hope he'll play some more of it.

*The Door of Darkness* (JOHN LANE) opens with a peep into the rooms at Monte Carlo, and discovers *Berthe Hamilton* plunging on zero. This coup, and others less daring, came off, and anyone with half an eye can see that after that she was bound to be unlucky in her love affairs. On the whole I think *Miss MAUDE*

*ANNESLEY* has been rather hard on her. She was by no means immaculate. She had an atrocious habit of giggling, she said, "whatsaname the county" when she meant "bother it," and she called her pet aunt "a perfect bird," and her birthday presents "dinky." Also, like *Miss ANNESLEY*, she had a truly feminine genius for using commas in the wrong place. But her punishment for these girlish failings was, I think, unduly severe. She became engaged to a sort of wandering Jew, whose fate it was to live for ever. Instead of telling her that his immortality was (for some reason not clearly stated) a just cause and impediment why he should not marry this woman, he let concealment play on his sallow Italian cheek till the eve of the wedding and then took to his heels. So she flung up her arms in the air and clutched at nothing. "I don't care if he is the devil himself, I want him, I love him! Oh, my

God, how I love him! If you don't find him I shall kill myself; do you quite understand? I mean it!" And upon that the door shuts. *Miss ANNESLEY* has rather got out of her depths in her endeavour to plumb the ocean of eternity, besides barking her shins severely against re-incarnation and automatic writing and other similar snags.

"On the highest and most inaccessible peaks above Chamonix, Count O'Gorman, an Irishman, is planting edelweiss."—*Daily Mail*.  
Any inaccessible peak would have done for the ordinary man. Only an Irishman would have chosen the "most inaccessible."

*The Scotsman* refers to Captain *KINCAID-SMITH's* "golf-rimmed spectacles." Excellent things, these golf-rimmed spectacles. They make a man links-eyed.



"THEY TELL ME YOU'RE WORKIN' HARD NIGHT AND DAY SINCE YOU WERE UP BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE FOR PUSHIN' YOUR HUSBAND ABOUT, MRS. ROBINSON."

"YES. THE MAGISTRATE SAID IF I CAME BEFORE HIM AGAIN HE'D FINE ME FORTY SHILLINGS."

"AND SO YOU'RE WORKIN' HARD TO KEEP OUT OF MISCHIEF?"

"WHAT?—I'M WORKIN' HARD TO SAVE UP THE FINE."